GOOD WEATHER FOR WEDDINGS, RECEP-TIONS AND BALLS.

The Rev. S. Halsted Watkins and Miss Helen Randolph Smith Wedded at the Church of the Holy Trinity-Mr. Schultz and Miss Reed, Mr. Davis and Miss Jacobs to Be Married at 8 O'Clock this Evening.



a pleasant feature of most of the recent society events. Indeed, better weather for weddings, receptions and balls could hardly be wished. The three

Schultz, and Miss Mary Clark Reed will take place this evening at 8 o'clock, at the

Church of the Puritans, One Hundred and Thirtieth street, near Fifth avenue. The Rev. Edward Clark will officiate. Mr. Frank Reed will be the best man. Mr. McKinny and Mr. Andrew McKinny, cousins of the bride, Mr. Ackerman and Mr. Thomas will e the ushers. There will be no bridesmaids. The bride's father will give her away. The reception after the wedding will be at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reed, of 230 West One Hundred and Thirtieth street. The guests will include the Rev. John Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Percival, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Palan, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, the Misses Baxter, Miss Schultz, Miss Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Elton, Miss McKinny, Miss Margaret A. Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. McRoy, Miss Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Skinner and Miss Skinner.

Miss Skinner.

The marriage of the Rev. S. Halsted Watkins and Miss Helen Randolph Smith, daughter of Mrs. R. C. M. Page, of 31 West Thirty-third street, was celebrated to-day at high noon at the Church of the Holy Trinity. Madison avenue and Forty-second street. The brother of the groom, the Rev. Wilburks. Watkins., ir., was the best man, and Miss Mildred Nelson Page was the maid of honor. Mr. T. Coke Watkins, brother of the groom; Mr. J. Noah H. Slee, Mr. Alexander Richards and Mr. Harry Halsted were the ushers. The church was decorated by Klunder. The marriage of Mr. Lewis S. Davis and

The marriage of Mr. Lewis S. Davis and Miss Kate Jacobs, daughter of Mr. Henry H. Jacobs, will take place this evening at 8 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, 123 East Forty-sixth street. Dr. De Solamendes, Mr. William Wolff, Mr. John J. Kant, Mr. M. S. Friede and Mr. Edgar Davis will be the ushers. The bride will wear a gown of white French faille, with train, and draperies of point lace caught with orange blossoms. She will wear a tulle veil, and will carry white roses. The diamond ornaments worn are presents from the groom. ments worn are presents from the groom. Miss Esther Jacobs and Miss Clara Jacobs ments worn are presents from the groom,
Miss Esther Jacobs and Miss Clara Jacobs
will be the bridesmaids. They will wear pale
blue silk with over draperies of tulle and
V corsages. They will carry La France roses.
Among the guests expected are Mr. Henry
Gillig, Prof. Austin, Mr. Melville Smith,
Mr. Henry Irving, Dr. McCosh, Mr. and Mrs.
James Seligman, Dr. and Mrs. Aronson, Mr.
Alexander Marcus, Mr. and Mrs. Isidor
Wormser, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Parks, Mr. and
Mrs. Noel Davis, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Joseph,
Mr. Jerome Besthoff, Mr. Charles Besthoff,
Mr. Samuel Glass and Mr. Aronston.
The marriages of the Rev. Charles E. Taylor
and Miss Ellen P. Campbell, niece of Mrs.
Becckman de Peyster, and of Mr. Hubert A.
Sherman and Miss Anna White, eldest daughter of John Eaton White, will take place next
Tuesday.

Tuesday.
Mr. Mark P. M. Peixotto and Miss Kather-ine de Sadowska will be married next Tues-

day.

The young ladies of All Angels' Episcopal Church, at Eighty-first street and West End avenue, will give "a tea" at half-past seven this evening in the parlors adjoining the

church.

A reception in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Howard H. Henry, née Strong, will be given on Tuesday, Nov. 29, by Mrs. J. J. Henry, of 14 East Tenth street.

The Authors' Club holds its regular fortnightly reunion at its rooms, 19 West Twenty-fourth street, this evening.

Mrs. Wilcox, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wilcox have returned to their home on West.

cox have returned to their home on West Fifty-seventh street after a summer's travel on the Continent.

The members of the Arlington League Club will give a dinner this evening at Mazzetti's. Covers will be laid for 100 guests.

The Ark Club will give a dinner to-morrow evening at Pinard's. It will be the first for this season.

The Princeton College Club will give its sanual dinner this evening at the Hotel Brunswick.

The first meeting for this season of the Kinsteenth Century Club will be held to-morrow evening at the art galleries, 6 East Twenty-third street.

Mrs. E. L. Lawrence, of 54 East Sixty-

Mrs. E. L. Lawrence, of 54 East Sixty-

ADA'S NEEDLEWORK.

N the top floor of

was seated at her work

-the making of coarse, blue-check shirts.

fourth street, is entertaining her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Lawrence, of Australia.

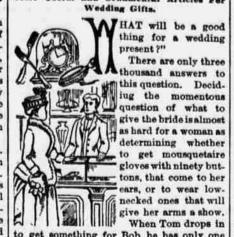
The wedding of Mr. Frederick J. Kuhne and Miss Margaret F. Bloodgood will take place next Wednesday afternoon at Trinity Church, Elizabeth, N. J.

Mr. J. W. Alexander, who has just returned from his wedding journey, will give Saturday receptions at his studio in the Chelsea, on Twenty-third street.

CITY INTERESTED IN 1T.

PRESENTS FOR BRIDE AND GROOM.

some Useful and Ornamental Articles Fe



WHAT will be a good thing for a wedding present?"

There are only three thousand answers to this question. Decid-

to get something for Bob he has only one idea or two on the subject, floating drearily around in a sea of ignorance. The idea is generally a dressing-case or a drinking-flask. or a cigarette-holder, or some other tre-mendously useful household utensil. Then the suave man behind the show-case slaughters the idea in its innocent youthful-

slaughters the idea in its innocent youthfulness. "Now a claret-jug or a champagne-cooler might meet your views better," he says. The tailor-made young man is so flattered by the thought of furnishing a view large enough to be met that he orders a neat cooler for Pommery sec. It is in repouss silver, lined with gold, really very neat.

If the father of the bride or the groom is wealthy his wedding present is generally looked for in the shape of a six-figured check, or a handsome, thoroughly furnished house. Both are very suitable wedding presents. The groom's own present to the bride is, where wealth permits, some costly jewelry. A rivière of diamonds, a collar of rich pearls, superb solitaire earrings, or anything comparable to these is in order.

Another tax on the rich groom at a swell

Another tax on the rich groom at a swell wedding is to furnish some handsome present to the bridesmaids or ushers. This has not been adopted yet as a regular thing in New York, but in England it is as much a matter of course as signing the marriage register. This present is a handsome brooch or fan, and often the monogram of the groom in jewels is wrought into the design. This is an expensive item.

an expensive item.

Generally the most sensible, as well as the most elegant presents, are in the matter of plate or table service. There are at least one hundred and fifteen different objects that

hundred and fifteen different objects that can suit, adorn or encumber a dinner-table. Some of them even the most covetous or most asthetic souls could do without all their lives and not feel a pang.

If one wishes to give an elegant and at the same time serviceable wedding present, a china service is always acceptable. Some people like to give a present that will be looked at by the recipient. Possibly this may lead to the selection of a bevelled French plate-glass mirror, with a frame of oxidized or frosted silver. The bride will certainly look at that often enough.

The trouble with wedding presents is that the more useful articles which suggest themselves readily are not golden for that very reason. So a rather unnecessary, though ele-

selves readily are not golden for that very reason. So a rather unnecessary, though elegant, object is decided on. A young couple who received hundreds of presents hadn't a silver fork or knife among them, while five grape scissors, four of them of the same identical pattern, figured among the gifts.

A favorite offering is an elegant clock. Handsomely wrought brass sconces, candelabra, gas fixtures and the like, are very popular. So, too, are bronzes. A really artistic bronze is as good as anything in the way of a purely ornamental character. A thoroughly equipped dressing-case in rich leather and with the articles made of oxidized silver or carved ivory is a good thing to give the groom. Fine linen is always welcome.

Emerson says that the most appropriate and acceptable present is one which is the product of one's own skill. A painter or sculptor can not do better than to bestow a handsome canvas or bust. Whether a poet should give a sonnet or a musician a sonata depends considerably on the donor's reputation as a poet or a composer.

Drear November. [From the Duluth Furgraph.]
The days grow short, the nights grow long.
The snow king sends his flake.
No more we hear the wood thrush sing. Nor picule on the lake.

Riker's Perfumes.

Riker's Perfumes.

Triple extracts, tollet extracts, cologues, sachet powder, &c., are the Brst in the Wolld. Every one who has used them will tell you the same. Lubin's, Attinson's, Condray's, &c., don's stand achance with RIKER'S. There is no comparison between them. WE KNOW YOU HAVE BRESS EVINDLED on DOMESTIC EXTRACTS, Sac. but have faith ONCE MORE and your FAITH IN YOU WILL AND WAY YOU RIN NO RISE, for YOUR MONEY IS REFUNDED.

Insist on having RIERE'S sachet powder and perfumes in the original package. Do not allow any one to persuade you otherwise. Sold by almost all dealers throughout the United States. If any druggists refuses to supply you, you can be sure of getting what you ask for at the dry goods houses and general stores, or direct from WM, B. RIKER & SON, druggists and perfumers, established 1846, at 353 6th ave., New York.

OUR DAILY DOLLAR DINNER.

THRIFTY HOUSEKEEPERS ALL OVER THE

Some of Them Write to " The World " and Give Figures with Their Experiences-The Average Expense for the Week is Even Less than the Estimated Cont-What



O end of letters come to THE WORLD office to THE WORLD office from housekeepers who have been experiwho have been experi-menting with the re-ceipts given for fur-nishing a good dinner for four people at the astonishing. astonishingly moder. seems to be the most popular feature of the most popular evening paper in the city. To print all the letters of advice, commendation and sometimes complaint received would

be to exclude everything else. The letters of advice come from women who think they can provide a better bill of fare at a small cost than the accomplished chef who supplies THE WORLD, with several years' experience at a leading hotel at his back. The letters of complaint have so far come from two sources: First, people who imagined that they could go to any who imagined that they could go to any first-class restaurant and order four portions of everthing mentioned in The World's bill of fare and get away with \$1 cost, including a tip to the waiter. This is ridiculous. The "dollar dinner for four" is not intended for the unfortunate people compelled to feed altogether in restaurants, and who must necessarily pay for a great many things besides the actual cost of the food they consume. Nor does it take a person accustomed to patronizing good restaurants long to find out that one portion is usually sufficient for two people, and that to order more than three portions for four people is simply waste. But The World's bill of fare has nothing to do with restaurant prices. It is prepared for thrifty housewives who like to greet their husbands with a good, substantial dinner when his day's work is done, but are compelled to practice close domestic economy. Read this letter:

To the Edwar of the World:

I have been trying your "dollar dinners for four," Some days they come to a few cents under and some to a few cents more than \$1. Last Saturday it was exactly \$1. You don't know how much you take off of the housewife's mind by furnishing her with a bill of fare for dinner. Now, Saturday's dinner was as good as any one would want, and it's hard to believe that it cost so little. But here is just what I paid:

Beef for broth. first-class restaurant and order four portions

ere is just what I paid :

Beef for broth
One pound of smelts.
Leg of mutton for rosst.
Potatoes

I did not put down cheese, because none of us care for it. Please keep up the bill of fare. Mas. J. W.

THE WORLD has received many letters from housekeepers who found that the material for a single day's dinner cost them more than \$1, because they could not buy in sufficiently small quantities to come within the expenditure. Of course not. But take the average cost of the six dinners printed during the week and it will often be less than \$1. Coffee, cheese or flour purchased on Monday may increase the expenditure for that day, because it is hardly possible, and certainly not economical, to purchase only a sufficient quantity for Monday's use; but if there is enough for Tuesday and Wednesday the outlay for those days is much less than it was on Monday. Here is a letter from a house-wife who has found that out:

wife who has found that out:

To the Editor of The World:

I have been experimenting with your dinners for four for a dollar ever since you began publishing them. Sometimes the material cost me fl. 28. The next day I found it necessary to spend but 80 cents. For two weeks now I have kept a memorandum of my dinner expenditures, and the exact cost for fourtéen days was \$18. On Sundays I simply repeated some bill of fare presented during the week. Each day we had an enjoyable dinner, ample for my husband, myself, a little son and a nisce who lives with us. Furthermore, the novel excitement of the experiment has diverted my mind from the proverbial drudgery of 'cooking.' Mrs. R. M. E.

"cooking." Mrs. R. M. S.

New York, Nov. 1s.

The chef who prepares the bills of fare printed in Tag World bases them on the actual cost of the material mentioned at current market prices. He is a man who is in a position to know, and does know, what he is writing about. Take, for instance, his menu for to-day:

Fish.
Boiled Hallbut. Anchovy Sauce.

The room was small, but well aired. A com-"But, dear father, you know Cousin alc-Intyre".—
"I know," replied Mr. Elwood, "that Mc-Intyre found a flaw in my deed, claimed the property, and got it by a lawsuit. I had no money to defend the cause. Yes, he got the

The cost of dainty things to eat in the markets this morning was as follows: The cost of dainty things to eat in the markets this morning was as follows:

Prime rib roast, 18c. to 20c.
Porterhouse steak, 25c.
Sirioin steak, 15c. to 20c.
Leg mutton, 16c.
Lamb ohope, 25c. to 25c.
Leg mutton, 16c.
Lamb ohope, 25c.
Leg mutton, 16c.
Leg mutt

SURELY IT CANNOT BE JEALOUSY.

Art Students' Criticisms of Illustrious Foreign Painters.

An old artist and a friend went to see the Catharine L. Wolfe collection of paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art yesterday. The old artist had achieved fame years and years ago, and yet he felt no envy or jealousy towards the illustrious foreigners whose works filled four sides of the Wolfe gallery.

"It makes me almost sad to come here," he said, "because I see so many beautiful pigtures that I in my own poor way can never, never hope to equal. That is not all my fault, for I am sure that I would have made a good artist had I started right. When I was young I had to struggle hard to make a living, and I could afford neither the time nor the money to study under the great masters

the money to study under the great masters of the world. Say what you may about self-taught genius and all that sort of thing, it is instruction that makes the artist."

"Good, wholesome criticism is necessary, too," said his friend.

"To be sure," returned the old artist.

"Now, that reminds me, as the story-tellers say. It is enough to make these illustrious gentlemen weary of turning over in their graves to hear what some people say about their works. Now, we'll stop looking at the pictures awhile to hear what the visitors say."

The old artist and his friend sauntered up The old artist and his friend sauntered up to a group of young men who were looking at one of Bouguereau's pictures.

"Oh, it's bang up, I know, but I can't see it," said one of the young men. "He's got his name up, that's all. The whole left side is out of drawing, and as for color, a kalsominer could have done as well."

"Yes," said another, "and the execution is frightful. It's foreshortened, don't you see, and the perspective looks as though it had been done with a foot-rule and a hoe."

"Poor Bouguereau!" sighed the artist.

The young men stopped before a Corot.

"Oh, come along," said one of them; "don't stop at that daub. Corot tacked a piece of canvas on the wall and threw paint on it from a shovel."

"What a set of fools," said the artist's friend.

"What a set of fools," said the artist's friend.

"You do them injustice," explained the old artist. "They are critics—the severest critics in the world. In a word, they are art students. At an art gallery in this city the visits of the students were curtailed to one day in each week, as the freely given criticisms materially injured the sale of the pictures. No criticis so severe as the art expression.

cisms materially injured the sale of the pictures. No critic is so severe as the art student. The younger the student the severer the criticism. I have suffered, and I know."

Lace-Pins Which Bring Luck.

The long lace-pin is to be superaseded by pins of various designs that are more round than long.

A large goden pansy has a diamond centre and four heavy limbs of etruscan gold overlapping each other make a pretty pin.

A very pretty pin is a silver sickle, on which rest two four-leaf clovers in gold. Another pattern for nick is two four-leaf clovers surrounded by a golden ring.

A spray of tiny gold daisies has a diamond in the centre of each and for the superstitious there is a horseshoe in dainty daisies of white enamel.

She Had Him There.

[From the St. Joseph (Mo.) Ness.]

The following conversation, heard by a reporter

[From the St. Joseph (Mo.) News.
The following conversation, heard by a reporter

on the street last night, is suggestive: "Are you still tugging away at those gloves of

ROAST.

Beef. Chicory Salad.
Mashed Potato.

DESSERT.
Custard Pie.
Grapes.

At to-day's market prices for the best arti
At dear's market prices for the best arti
At dear's market prices for the best arti
At dear's market prices for the best arti
Most men would," was all she said, and he had nothing else to say,

She has youth and beauty of no uncommon kind, and money enough to buy an outfit from Worth. Having paralyzed her own particular set by acting in "Ten Barrooms in One Night," and similar other classics, she is assured of her own genius for the staze, and sighs, like Alexander of old, for

You expect me to feed them-roast turkey

other worlds to conquer. One thing she will not do, however—she will not make her debut in an in-ferior role. In her estimation the way to build temple is to put the roof on before the foundation is laid. There are several more of her not far from Brooklyn, either. A Craze Among New York Belles Which

A Peep at Hell's Half Acre.

GIRLS WHO ADORE ACTORS.

Does Not Die Out.

[Washington Post's New York Letter.]

To a Broadway store, well known as a render

yous for collectors of theatrical photographs,

How They Used to Torture Prisoners in

Japan to Make Them Confess.

[From the Manchester Courser.]

Historian Bancroff's Great Library.

[From a Washington Letter.]
The largest private library in Washington is

came six young girls the other afternoon. They [Fellowstone Letter to Baltimore American.] We were now in the region of wonders, for when were all in the neighborhood of sixteen years old, all slender and about of a height, all dark-haired, we looked about in the cool morning air, not yet warmed by the bright rays of the sun, the whole with the standard American brown, all well dressed and two of them decidedly pretty, with with the standard American brown, all well dressed and two of them decidedly pretty, with that piquant sort of chic which, rather than positive beauty, ranks a girl's attractions in New York nowadays. They were all vivacious and two of them carried boxes with a confectoner's mark brown, two in green, one in black and two in dark blue. They all wore sungity fitting tailor of the standard of the s from hundreds of warm springs. Our driver forethat piquant sort of thic which, rather than posi-

Barber Wick's Novel Challenge.

[From the Sporting Life.]
Shaving matches are the latest fads in the field The stone torture was usually the first cruelty f sport. Teddy Wick, of London, who won a practised upon a prisoner. He was forced to wager of \$75 that he would shave fifty persons in rostrate himself, face downward, upon the sixty minutes, has issued a challenge to all barbers spexes of five triangular-shaped blocks of hard in the world under the following stipulations: The competitors for the championship shall begin by cutting and dressing the sair of a dozen people, then shave twenty; after that they shall have their eyes bandaged and shave six other men blindfold; then they shall have one hand tied on their back and shave six more people with the other hand left free. He who finishes all the operations first will be declared champion, have a medal and \$500. wood, the front of his legs being exposed to the sharp edges. While securely held in this position heavy stones were placed on the victim's thigns, and others were slowly added, to increase the territle weight, until he became unconscious or signified his intention to confess.

The box torture was a still more atroctous contrivance. Bound hand and foot, the culprit was forced into a strong box about two feet square, having a covering made to fit the inside and capable of being lowered or raised at will. Heavy weights were placed upon it, and as these were increased in number, depressing the lid, the poor wretch within the box was slowly crushed to death.

The Driving Watch a New "Fad." The latest fad, and one which has caught on uni-

versally, is the driving watch. A leather band of the size to fit the wrist and strongly resembling an death.

In using the water torture it was believed that the torment of thirst would induce a prisoner to confess his guilt. After several days' subsistence on a sait diet, without rice and water, the accused was shut in a room where he could see and hear the dropping of water on all sides, but out of his reach. The cravings and sufferings became fearful under the agony, often approaching the bounds of insanity. ordinary strap shawl in appearance, with punched holes and a buckle, has stitched to its back a small watch, the face whereof is covered with heavy rock crystal. The leather is strapped around the wrist, the watch towards the back, and its open face may be referred to at any time while driving literally by a "turn of the wrist."

\$65 for the Latest "Puff-Box."

ful under the agony, often approaching the bounds of insanity.

Deprivation of sleep was effected by placing the criminal upon a bed, or mat, over which a small stream of water was continually flowing. Attendants were in readiness, and at the slightest indication of sumber they would rouse their victim by ringing bells, beating drums, or the application of fire to his body. The treatment rendered sleep impossible; the poor wretch's mind became disordered under the torture and oftentimes left him a raving maniac. [From a New Fork Letter.]
It is the thing now for a girl to carry a small puff-box with her of solid gold just an inch and a half square and three-quarters of an inch deep, with a wee bit of powder puff that don't look big enough to whiten my lady's dimple. The ivory miniature set in the lid makes miss's paps pay to be tune of \$65 for the waiteness of her face.

Catarrhal Dangers.

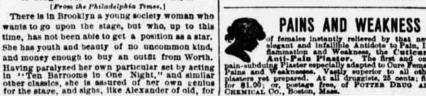
down; to breathe freely, sleep soundly and undisturbed It contains over twelve thousand volumes, and Bancroft has another library at Newport. It takes to rise refreshed, bead clear, brain active and free from our large rooms to hold his Washington Horary, not, through its veins and arteries, suck up the poison that is sure to undermine and destroy, is indeed a bless immunity from such a fate should be the object of all afflicted. But those who have triedjmany remedies and physicians despair of relief or sure.

Sampond's Radical Cumm meets every phase of Catarrh, from a simple head cold to the meet loathsome

and destructive stages. It is local and sonstitutions cal and never-failing.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE consists of one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one bits of CATARRIAL SOLVERY and one IMPROVED INHALER, all wrapped in one pack-age, with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists for \$1.00.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.



A WONDERFUL REMEDY.

vura Nerve Tonic. I first took it myself by the advice of a celebrated spacialist in nervous diseases. It so personally the second of the seco

Dr. Greene's Nervara Nerve Tonic is a perfect specific

PRICE \$1.00 PER BOTTLE. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Greene, the proprietor of this great and valuable remedy, is the well-known lecturer and eminent physician in the treatment and cure of nervous and chronic diseases, who gives consultation free to all sufferes from diseases, this office, 35 West 14th st., New York. Dr. Greene's book, "Nervous Diseases, How to Cure Thom," malled free.

AMUSEMENTS.

DIH AVE. THEATRE.

Propriete and Manage. MATTING ATTENDAY.

MRS. POTTER

in first propagation in America of

in first presentation in America of
SUPPORTED BY MR. KYRLE BELLEW
(By couriest of Mr. Henry & Abber, of Wallack's)
AND MR. JOSEPH HAWORTH.
MOCAULI, UPPRA CUME ANY,
Presenting the Hindee Comic Opera,
THE BEGUM.

THE BEGUM.

STAR THEATRE.

MR. HENRY IRVING.

MISS ELLEN TERRY.

and the Lycoum Company Every Evening and Saturday

Matines.

FAUM.

Saturday Evening, LOUIS XI.

Wook Beginning 12st November,

Every Evening (except Saturday) and Saturday Matines.

FAUST.

Saturday Night, Nov. 26, THE BELLS and JINGLS.

DOCKSTADER'S.
BLACK FAUST

plendid Scenery, Costumes, Singing and Electric THE GREAT FIRST PART, CLEYRIAND'S THE P-Revived by Request, EVENINGS, 8, 80. SATURDAY MATINES, 2.50. HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.

EDWARD HARRIGAN
IN CORDELIA'S ASPIRATIONS.
Dave Braham and his popular orchestrary.
WEDNESDAY MATINEE SATURDAY.
PETE, Nov. 22. UNION SQUARE THEATRE, J. M. HILL, Manager,

Robson and Crane THE HENRIETTA H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE, THEATRE,

Prices 10c.

Reserved Seats,

On Prices 10c.

Reserved Seats,

On Prices I and June and come early.

H.J. ACOBS'S own company in THE WAGES OF SIN Nov. 21—BENJ. MAGINLEY 20c., 30c. & 50c. "INSHA VOGUE." 14TH STREET THEATRE-CORNER STH AVE.

4 Matiness Wednesdey and Saturday.
GLEOT WERK OF
GEORGE STATE OF S Casino, sroadway and sorth St.
Evenings at 5. Matines Saturday at 2.
The sporkling Comic Opera
The MarQuis
Received with roars of laughter.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

MYA. M. PALMER
Begins at 6.30. Saturday Matines at 2.

THE MARTYR.

WITH A STRONG CAST.

WALLACK'S.
Evenings as 8, 15, Matines Saturday 2, 15.
ROBERTSON'S
COMEDY.
SCHOOL.
Perst., Mrs. Louise Eldridge, Miss
SCHOOL.
State Guion and Mrs. Abbey. TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. Howard Atheneum Specialty Co. A CADEMY OF MUSIC. LAST WEEKS. LAST WEEKS. EVENINGS AT 8. MATINER SATURDAY AT 2.

The Phenomenally Successful Melodrama, A DARK SECRET. RESERVED SEATS, 50c., 75c. and \$1. DIJOU OPERA HOUSE—BURLESQUE.
BURLESQUE.
BURLESQUE
OMPANY.
65 ARTISTS.

RICHARD SERVICE SERVICE STREET STREE

EDEN MUSEE.

New Groups, New Pictures, New Attra Concerts Daily. Admission to all, 50c.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

GRESSTREED AND CONTROL OF TARQUING TO-night—BRUTUS: OR, THE FAIL OF TARQUING Next week—A Partor Match. GRAND OPERA HOUSE, SUNDA SUNDA

LYCKUM THE THE WIFE.

POOLE'S THEATRE STH ST. AND 4TH AVE.
10c., 20c., 30c. Matiness Mon., Wed., Thur., Set.
DOMINICK MURRAY in RIGHT'S RIGHT,
Workship Weshanical and Scenic Effects. with Marvellous Mechanical and Scenic Effect Next Week-THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN. rembling with the pleasant surprise of see

ing his visitor.

"And you have been ill—very iil! You are sadly altered! But we will have you all right again, for I bring you the best of news!"

"If you have good news let me have it!"

The lawyer's eyes had wandered anxiously

ejectment.

Elwood had risen to his feet to hear the joyful tidings.

"Ada, my child!" he called, loudly.

of of it."
'I ask a proof now," returned the young vocate. "I am going to claim from you

图 A ST 包

"I HAVE FOUND YOU AT LAST." "What do you want the money so bad for?"
growled the man, glancing at a pile of it upon
his desk.
"To buy food—to pay rent," said the girl, The man opened the parcel she had

A Stage Star Obscured in Brooklyn.

gence from her.

The woman motioned to a chair for her visitress. She had placed her own supper on the table, but did not invite her to partake

I know it, Mrs. Corbett, and I hope to pay it all next week. I expect some butter work

"No; I shall be thankful for a loaf of bread. I can certainly pay you for that the day after to-morrow."

Her eyes wandered involuntarily to the table, where the rolls and butter, chicken, ham and tea looked very tempting.

"I have nothing to give you for nothing," said the woman. "But I give you warning that one week more is all that can be allowed, and if the rent is not paid up then you will be turned out. You have sold all the fine things you brought here with you, I suppose?"

The girl had already turned away in despair; but the last rude inquiry put her in mind of something. She pulled a narrow ribbon, worn round her neck, and produced a small gold locket of fine workmanship.

"Look here," she said, running back to the landlady: "this locket has my mother's hair in it. I cannot part with it, but I will leave it in pledge if you will keep it carefully; and next week I will bring you the money and take it back."

Mra Corbett examined the jewel. It was of pure gold, set round with small pearls. She judged it worth two guineus (speaking in English money).

"Your mother is dead?" she inquired.

the way shelstopped at the station post-office. but found nothing.

Entering the house, she went to the front room on the ground floor. The woman who received the rents of the rooms above, calling herself the landlady, lived there. It was the poor girl's last hope to obtain some indulgence from her.

of it.
"I hope you have come to pay me the rent," she said, with wolfish eyes, fixed on the fair girl's pale face. "You owe me for two weeks

then."
"Expect! Can you pay me nothing now?"
"I have not a penny!" said the girl, in a suffocated voice. "My last work did not please Mr. Jenks, and he refused to pay me. I came to ask you for a loan"—
"A loan! What impudence!"
"Oh, Mrs. Corbett, my father has been so ill! I have nothing for him to eat to-night and to-morrow—and the children"—
"You expect me to feed them—roast turkey

and plum-padding, I suppose?"
"No; I shall be thankful for a loaf of bread. I can certainly pay you for that the

lawsuit. Well, child, I see you mean honestly. I will keep this locket and let you have some provisions. You can have the jewel again when you pay me."

A small basket was presently filled and Ada carried it up to the attic. She said nothing to her father of her failure about her work, but laid out the supper-table and prepared tea for the invalid. It was her only joy to see him eat with relish.

She undressed the children and put them to bed after supper, then sat down to mend some clothing by the light of a single tallow candle. Her father reclined on the couch by the stove, and talked of what he would do when he should be able to work for the suppert of his family. "I am not above labor.

port of his family. "I am not above labor-ing with my hands," he said, spreading out his own, almost transparent: "and with health I can do almost anything. We will live in the country."

health I can do almost anything. We will live in the country."

"Oh, if we could!" sighed the daughter.

"You can teach at the district echool and mind the children and the chickens. I will work and bring home the wages!" went on the hopeful man. He knew that in America, with the blessing of health, any willing laborer could maintain his family.

Ada's thoughts were busy weaving plans; she knew how hard the reality was for a woman. There was a sound of footsteps ascending the stairs. The door was pushed open without knocking, and Mrs. Corbett presented herself. "Some one to see you, sir." she said, addressing Mr. Elwood. "He would not come up unless you desire it. Will you come down to the door?"

Her very civil and subdued manner disclosed the fact that she had been well paid to bring up the message.

bring up the message.

"Who is it?" asked the invalid. "Did he give you his name?"

The woman held out a card. Mr. Elwood took it, read the name and uttered an ex-

took it, read the name and uttered an ex-clamation of surprise.

"You may show him up," he said.

"Father, you forget!" interposed Ada.
She feared that Mrs. Corbett would be angry at being spoken to thus like a servant.
But the woman went out and downstairs more quickly than usual.
Ada had left the room when the visitor en-tered

of females instantly relieved by that new, siegant and infallible Antidote to Pain, Infalmation and Weakness, the Cuticara Anti-Pain Planter. The first and only pain-subduing Planter especially adapted to Cure Females Pains and Weaknesses. Vastly superior to all other planters yet prepared. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for \$1.00; or, postage free, of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston, Mass.

The lawyer's eyes had round the room.
"Your news? Ada can hear it?" repeated Elwood, motioning towards the next room.
"Your suit is successful. The judgment has been reversed and the property is yours again. I came to prepare the papers for an

"Ada, my child!" he called, loudly.

The young girl came from the inner room,
Her timidity was lost in tearful joy and
thankfulness as she came forward to welcome
the friend who had served them so faithfully.
"It is a Christmas present," cried her
father, "from Henry Ashmead, who has
gained our cause. You have our heartfelt
gratitude, my dear sir, and when I have my
own again I shall be able to offer substantial
proof of it."
"Less a proof pow," returned the young

advocate. "I am going to the best part of your possessions."
"Eh—what?" exclaimed the old man,
"Eh—what?" exclaimed the old man,

"Eh—what?" exclaimed the old man, manifestly startled.

"I am a suitor for this fair hand!" cried Ashmead, seizing that of the young girl, who stood in blushing confusion. "Ada, you cannot but have seen that I love you. I hoped to have told you long since; but I thought you would have put me on probation, knowing so little of me. When your misfortunes came I was away, and since I returned, what with the business of getting the appeal before the court and other work, I had no time to look for you. Now, you shall not again give me the slip."

The father did not withhold his consent, and Ada was soon induced to give hers. They had a merry party that Christmas Eve—the eve that had begun in sadness, almost in despair.

in despair.
Within a month Elwood was settled upon

more quickly than usual.

Ada had left the room when the visitor entered.

"I have found you at last!" exclaimed a fine-looking young man, handsomely dressed, as he grasped both the invalid's hands with cager pleasure. "I have had such a search for you! You gave me no address to your letter."

"I did not think of your coming to such a poor place, Mr. Ashmead," replied Elwood, peamstress.

Within a month Elwood was settled upon his farm again and well enough to commence proparations for his spring crops. The wedding followed in another month, and the united family lived under one roof.

By the following summer the railroad was finished, and the land became very valuable. In his prosperous days, however, the wealthy farmer never forgot the lessons of poverty and sickness; nor did Mrs. Ashmead fall to appear to the commence proparations for his spring crops. The wedding followed in another month, and the united family lived under one roof.

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mon deal table, half covered with crock ery and tin plates and basins, three wooden chairs, a long bench, a strip of carpet in front of the stove, a blue-mould couch and two or three low stools completed the furniture. The broken window-panes were patched with paper. In a room adjoining the door of which stood open, could be

let. Two small children were at play under one of the windows. One, a boy, was shooting marbles; the other was dressing a rag doll.

The door of another chamber opened, and a man about sixty years of age came in. He was extremely feeble in appearance, and walked with difficulty, supporting himself by a stick; his face was pale, and his eyes were glassy and watery. But his hair was neatly brushed, and his clothes, though worn and darned, were scrupulously clean. The same heatness prevailed in the entire aspect of the room.

seen a narrow bed, a straw mattress, cov-

ered with a blue and white woollen cover-

room.

As he came in the young girl sprang up, drew the couch near the stove, and assisted the feeble old man to a seat upon it. Then she inquired how he found himself.

"Better and better, Ada, dear," he replied.

"My long and wasting illness has shaken ms sorely; but, you see, I am learning to walk like other folks. To-morrow I mean to go out."

Father, dear, you must not tax your I shall gain strength faster, Ada, when I Ada promised, but she did not have her take the air every day, And when I am father's ranguine ideas. She felt that they

quite well—which I shall be by spring—we may go to live at the farm." Ada looked in his face, alarmed. Was his Ada looked in Ris face, alarmed. Was his delirium coming back?

"Did I not tell you, my daughter, we had applied for a reversion of the judgment in the Supreme Court?"

"Oh, father, if you could but forget all poor lodging-house in this city a young girl

that."

"I cannot forget, Ada, that I have a right in that land. It is but a small property now, but it will be worth more when the railroad is finished, for the station will be on my land."

"But, dear father, you know Cousin Mc-Inture."

money to defend the cause. Yes, he got the land and we were made beggars."

"Not beggars, father dear; thank heaven, we have never been that,"

"Thank heaven and your own hard work, my child!" faltered the father, with trembling lips. "In my long sickness, everything you possess had to go for what I needed, and your toil kept the children from starving. I know it all! But do not think I have been idle altogether."

"Father!"

"I could not work, but I could talk; and I got our good doctor to write to Mr. Ashmead"—

I got our good doctor to write to Mr. Ashmead "
"Father, father! What have you done?"
The girl's face was crimson and her heart beat painfully.
"Be calm, my love. I did not involve you; I spared your delicacy. I knew Mr. Ashmead should not be asked to visit us."
"Of course not. What would he think?"
"He could not think the worse of us for misfortune, Ada."
"I would not have him see me! I would refuse to see him if he should come!" cried the girl. And, dropping her work, she burst into passionate tears.
"Hush, Ada, you must not give way. I sent to Mr. Ashmead as a lawyer. I shall pay him for his services. I instructed him to appeal against the judgment that took my land from me. He promised that he would." You have heard from him?" asked Ada, startled.
"I have received two letters. It is time I should hear again. The letters were directed to Station 19. When you go out, dear, I wish you would go and ask if any more have come."

were hopelessly ruined, and that her father and the children depended on her ill-paid toil. Yet his words had stirred a deep fountain in her soul. Once-only once-she had dreamed of love; she had no thought of blame for him who had been the idol of that dream; he had never told her she was anything to him; he was ardent in the pursuit of success in his profession, and his visits to her father's house had been few and occasional. He was very handsome, very gentlemanly and very clever. Often had she taken herself to task for thinking of him, and now, in their bitter humiliation, she wished only to escape his knowledge. She would have hid herself from his eyes—from the eyes of all who had known her in better fortunes.

Folding her work and laying it aside, Ada spread her coarse linen cloth on the table and set out the scanty meal. She poured out some milk into mugs for the children and made a cup of strong tea for her father. This she handed him, with a piece of crisp toast.

"Ab, the time was when we had a nice."

toast.

"Ah, the time was when we had a nice joint, with turnips, corn and cabbage," he walled, as he took the simple refreshment.
"I could not eat it now; this is best for me. But I like to see a good dinner, for all that."

Ada sighed, but did not answer. She partook very sparingly of the meal, and when it was over and the dishes washed, she prepared to go out.

was over and the dishes washed, she prepared to go out.

"You are going to walk out," said Elwood, querulously. "The streets are full of rough people at holiday times. If you will wait till to-morrow, I will go with you."

"To-morrow is Christmas, father, and I must take home my work this afternoon."

She took her parcel and hurried out. Mr. Jenks, the overseer of the establishment where she had obtained the work, had promised payment when the dozen shirts should be finished. There was nothing in the house for supper, and she must obtain money.

She had to wait more than an hour before Jenks had leisure to attend to her. Then he gruffly told her he was busy, and she might leave the work and call the day after to-morrow.

leave the work and call the day after tomorrow.

Timidly the poor girl pleaded her great
want of money.

"Money—slways money!" snapped the
coarse ruffian. "That's always the cry. They
spend the money in fine clothes and come
walling here for more."

He might have seen that poor Ada had not
spent here in dress. Faded, worn and all too
thin was hers; ahe had only a shawl for protection against the cold.

The man opened the parcel she had brought.

"What's this? A dozen shirts! The work has to be examined first, my girl. You cannot have the money. You must leave them to be examined."

"If you would give me a little, sir," she pleaded, "I should be so much obliged. Tomorrow the shops will be closed, and I must get supplied to night."

The man jerked the shirts towards him.

"So you call this work!" he exclaimed, avagely. "'Tisn't fit for a dog to wear! D'ye s'pose I'm going to pay you for this botching? Take it home again, unstitch it, and sew it all over again. Don't come bothering me till it is done, and think yourself lucky if I don't make you pay for spoiling the stuff."

He pushed the work towards her and

He pushed the work towards her and turned away. She saw that nothing was to be had from him, and with a swelling heart went out and took her way homeward. On "And you father lost his property in a